

"You must be reasonable, Mr. Howard. I was compelled—"

"Was it your duty to forge a note from Judge Simon, and thus attempt to entrap her into a statement?"

"Mr. Howard, I assure you—"

"Answer the question, sir!" demanded Howard, in a terrible voice, and with a dangerous look in his eyes.

"Mr. Howard, I—"

"Answer the question. Was it your duty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, it is my duty to thrash you, for the contemptible hound that you are!"

As he thundered out this dread sentence, he seemed to Garratt to dilate to enormous dimensions, while the Coroner became ghastly pale.

"You have me at a disadvantage," he said, trembling in every joint and fiber. "You are armed."

"Yes," replied Howard, in a lower tone and with more calmness; "I am armed to the teeth." Saying which, he drew a riding-whip from his sleeve—a keen and cruel-looking whip. "This is my weapon," he said.

He struck Garratt across the face with it, and the blood started. Garratt shrieked, and writhed, and rolled upon the floor in agony; but the furious young man caught him by the collar, and dragged him to his feet, and held him while he whipped him unmercifully—whipped him systematically from head to feet; laid it on heavily and at regular intervals; whipped him as he would whip a dog; twisted his hand into Garratt's collar, and held him at arm's length, and plied the whip; held him in spite of Garratt's fierce struggles from the maddening pain; whipped him until he had finished; and then he contemptuously flung him aside, streaming with blood where the whip had cut through the skin in a dozen places, unlocked the door, and went quietly away.

He had another duty to perform. Casserly must be attended to, for he had aided and abet-

ted Garratt and had frightened Emily. The young man did not for a moment hesitate at Casserly's gigantic strength; the thought of danger did not occur to him.

He found Casserly in the police station, sitting before the desk. Casserly looked up, and, on recognizing Howard, his face brightened. At the same time he caught sight of blood on Howard's hand.

"Hello!" he said, "what's that?"

"I have just given Garratt a thrashing with this whip, and I come—"

"To give yourself up!" exclaimed Casserly, rising, and showing unmistakable evidence of immense satisfaction. Then he burst into a laugh—a gleeful, hearty laugh—and said to the astonished young man, "I'm glad you did, ha ha! Arrest you? I wouldn't touch a hair of your head. Give me your hand. He has needed that thrashing for five years—ha, ha, ha!"

If ever there was an astonished man, it was Howard; if ever there was disarmed vengeance, it was Howard's. He silently grasped Casserly's hand, and felt ashamed at his contemplated act, and never mentioned it to any one. He was forced to like Casserly, for the latter made him sit down, and was so cheerful that Howard imbibed his feeling. They talked for some time, and Casserly modestly related his efforts to save the young man from the violence of the mob, and how he was ashamed and disgraced by Garratt's forgery. Then Casserly spoke bitterly of the forfeiture of Judge Simon's friendship through this disgraceful act of Garratt's; and Howard promised that he would explain it, and effect a reconciliation, which afterward he did.

About a year thereafter, there was a quiet and happy wedding at Mrs. Howard's residence. Judge Simon was there, for he had become almost as one of the family; and it was with immense pride and satisfaction that he gave Emily to John, and then blessed them.

W. C. MORROW.

THE END.

DOUBTING AND WORKING.

There is a well known speculation of Dr. Holmes as to the number of people who really are concerned in a conversation between any two men. Each one of these men has a real and true character—is what he is. Each one of the men has a notion of the other's character,

and probably thinks his notion a very fair one. And each one has a still more distinct and fixed idea as to his own character. Now, the words of each man are determined by what he himself really is, by what he thinks of himself, and by what he holds of the other. So that in fact

six people, two real and four imaginary—to wit, the two real men, their ideas of themselves and their ideas of each other—take part in this simplest form of human society. How complicated then must be the state of things when a whole group of people are concerned, each one speaking forth his own true nature, but affected in his words by what he supposes his own nature to be, and by the way in which he fancies his sayings will impress the ghostly images that are what he takes to be his real companions.

This speculation suggests a like one as to the number of partly imaginary worlds that form subjects of study and amusement for the myriads of human beings in the one actual world. It is a commonplace that in some sense every man may be said to move in a world of his own. Yet the consequences of this commonplace are not always considered. Think of them a moment. Here is an ordinary person before us, taken as a type of humanity. His view of the world might be taken as an example, so it would seem, of the way in which the people of this planet know and appreciate the universe. Yet, no. Could you look into his soul for a minute it is probable that you would find very much in his consciousness that would be strange to you and to other men. Think first of his senses themselves. Experience has shown that common men can go through the world for a very long time without suspecting or showing that they have some very important defect of the senses. Cross-eyed men, I have heard, sometimes by a painless process lose the sight of one eye, and yet go for years without finding out their defect until chance or necessity brings them under the skilled examination of an oculist. Late statistics make a basis for the claim that as many as one in every twenty-five male persons will be found to be color-blind. Yet only by careful tests are color-blind people to be distinguished from people with normal vision. It is probable that there are often somewhat similar defects in the sense of hearing which go unnoticed for a long time. Yet more, the researches of men like Helmholtz have proved that there are many optical illusions common to most or to all of us, which are unnoticed or unconsciously corrected our lives long, and which never could become known without skillful experiment. And if all this is true, how can we ever feel sure that in the field that lies beyond the reach of possible experiment, in the field of each man's own primary sensations themselves, there are not entirely mysterious sources of variety, so that the ultimate sensations of one person may be of their nature not comparable at all with the ultimate sensations of his neighbor? Thus, then, our normal man may be in fact a

creature of entirely peculiar constitution; yet we may not know the fact. His world may be one that would be inconceivably strange to us. Yet we talk with him in common fashion day after day. But, leaving the field of conjecture and coming back to the point where it is possible to judge and compare, I say that we may very probably find upon examination that there are peculiarities in the mind of the person we are considering which may make the simplest operation of his thought such as we can neither imitate nor easily understand. Take, for example, his memory.* There seem to be two somewhat different kinds of memories in the world. I suppose that there are all the gradations between the two extremes, but at the extremes the contrast is very marked. One kind of memory is that which is especially helped by images, which is in fact largely a re-imagining in the mind of things past, so that they appear much as they actually seemed when they were presented to the outward senses, only fainter. The other is a memory moving less in distinct and vivid images than in faint and broken incomplete mind-symbols that come up one after another, as association or volition calls them into consciousness. How, for example, do you remember that seven multiplied by seven equals forty-nine? If you have the image-memory, you may picture well before you a bit of the multiplication table, as you once saw it, with figures of some definite color, on a ground of some definite color. Clearly stand out the images in your mind as soon as you think of the numbers. You simply read off the result. If you have the other kind of memory, probably there arises a confused and faint form of the figures, curiously mingled with a memory somewhat more well defined, of the sound of the names of these numbers. The imaging is so obscure that you doubtless are inclined to say that you know not how you do remember at all, but merely know that you remember. Plainer becomes the contrast between the two kinds of memory when we come to speak of what happened to us at any time. The images of past scenes that arise in our various minds differ much as to completeness of detail and as to definiteness of outline. For one, forms are clear in memory; for another, colors. One remembers the positions of things, another faces and expressions. One knows when a passage in some book is referred to or quoted whether he saw that passage printed on the right or on the left side of the open page of the book where he read it. Such a one will remember on what

* See concerning the following: The communications of Mr. Francis Galton to the journal, *Nature*, at various times within the past two years, and his article in *Mind* for July, 1880.

shelf of a library he found a certain work. To another all these things are vague, but he can remember nearly a whole play, passage after passage, after witnessing the play twice on the stage, or a whole piece of music after one or two performances. Yet, perhaps, such a one could not remember the demonstration of a theorem in geometry long enough to repeat it in a class-room. Now, if you reflect what a great part memory plays in our actual consciousness, I think you must readily admit that when memories differ so much, not merely in power, but in nature, the thoughts of men, their ideas of the world about them, their whole conscious lives, must differ very much also.

I have mentioned differences in men's views of the world as thus exemplified in the more elementary activities of mental life. What shall we say when we come to the more complicated structures of the human mind, to those vague forms of consciousness in which are expressed our sense of the value of life and of the world, and to our opinions? Who shall serve for our normal specimen man here? How vastly we differ in all these things. How hard it is for us to come to an understanding. How the delights of one man appear as the most hateful of things to another, and the ideals of one party seem inventions of the devil to their opponents. All this illustrates the fact that we live in worlds differing far more from one another than we commonly like to think. Our normal man would surely be hard to choose. If we chose him, we should hardly comprehend him. To be more particular in our study, let us glance briefly at the wide range of what I may call purely general impressions, such as we in some wise get of life and of the universe, and which we so keep without analyzing or being well able to analyze them, although such impressions influence all our acts.

Every one has, I suppose, some ideal, some notion of what he anticipates and desires in his life and in the world about him. To every one this world appears as an excellent or as an evil place, and every one has some highest good which he seeks here in life, though he may never have formulated his aim. Now, it is certain that any man's creed, and the extent of the knowledge he is to acquire (and so what we have called above this man's world), will depend on the way in which this general view of the aims and conditions of life leads him. Against the fundamental prejudices of a man you will argue in vain. Time may change them; you cannot. And these prejudices make for him his world. To a man who defined poetry as "misrepresentation in verse," and to the poet Shelley, how was it possible to look on this uni-

verse of forms and colors, of lights and shadows, of land and water and infinite space, and to see in it the same world? To the one it must be a complex of determinate relations; to the other a scene of grand conflicts, of divine life, and of supernatural beauty. The difference between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Cardinal Newman, or between Professor Huxley and Mr. Ruskin, or between Hegel and Heinrich Heine—shall we call it merely a difference in the interpretation of the recorded facts of experience? No; evidently there are here different kinds of experience concerned, actually different worlds, different orders of truth. These men cannot come to a good understanding, because they have qualitatively different minds, irreconcilably various mental visions. Each of two such individuals may be inclined to regard the other as perverse. Both are, in fact, shut up within the narrow bounds of a poor individual experience. They will never understand one another so long as they remain what they are—finite minds full of fallacy and self-confidence, and of a darkness that is broken only here and there by flashes of light.

If the world's leaders are thus such narrow men, what are we who follow? How poor and narrow and uncertain must our world-pictures be. Glance inward at your own experience for a moment. You often say that a color, or odor, or melody, or place, or person is associated in your minds with some event, or feeling, or idea. You cannot think of one without the other.

Now, a study of mental life convinces us that these vague associations of which you speak tend to combine and multiply in manifold wise. When an association is itself forgotten, the effect of it lives on in the form of some liking, or aversion, or mental pre-judgment. By combination these associations form foundations on which yet higher structures can be built. All go to make up your picture of the universe. Yet many such associations are purely personal. You can but ill describe them. Still more, you inherit from your ancestors not merely the general mass of common tendencies that belongs to humanity as a whole, but you also inherit certain peculiar tendencies, associations, and feelings that influence your whole life, and that make you in a sense incomprehensible to those whose disposition is different from your own. If we could see one another's minds open before us, and study them at our leisure, how many singular phenomena we should witness. No museum of curiosities could approach in variety and oddness a museum in which some hundred minds were preserved and bottled up, or dissected and laid out for inspection under glass cases; or, better still, left alive behind

bars, and allowed to exhibit their whole action for our benefit. As it is, the study of the inner workings of men's individual minds is obscured by the complexity of each, by the lack of the virtue of frankness, by the impossibility of finding in most cases a skilled observer. Every one has nooks and corners in his own mind to which he is himself more or less a stranger. Every man is an enigma to every other. And this variety in our minds, what does it mean but vagueness and uncertainty and obscurity in all our opinions?

But, now (coming to the study of the opinions themselves), every one of these many minds sets itself up as a measure of truth. Distorted by the heterogeneous medium into which the light falls, the images given by experience must still serve, poor as they are, to fill up for us the picture of our world. Exposed to the largest errors of observation, to the greatest defects of memory, to the incalculable interference of passion and prejudice, to the disadvantage of being surrounded by numberless obscure associations, we, the thinking beings, live in this amusing chaos of our fleeting conscious states and spend our time in making assertions about the universe. What does this fool-hardiness mean? What right have we to hold opinions at all? Why must we not be perfect skeptics? What in a short life of mistake and conjecture can we be supposed to learn about the nature of things? What can be the truth, that we should look for it?

To this problem we are led then irresistibly. Here is a chaos of various minds whose simpler ideas seem to vary very greatly, whose feelings grow so far asunder that each man becomes a mystery to his neighbor, whose conflicting opinions in consequence are all the results largely of accident, and certainly of narrowness of view. Yet it seems to be thought an excellent thing for each one of them to form fixed opinions about at least some matters, a sane undertaking for them to look for some sort of abiding truth, and a grand act to suffer loss, or even death, for the sake of the strongest and highest at least among one's beliefs. Why should this be the case? What is the use of truth-seeking when so little truth will ever be found on this planet? What is the worth of remaining true to one's opinions when everything tends to make them fleeting? These questions must, I think, come into the mind of every active person at some time during his life. I have not in the foregoing stated the skeptic's case nearly as strongly as I could state it. The more you consider human knowledge, the more you will see that some of its dearest pretenses are found upon examination to be only pretenses. And

when you see this, you are, if of vigorous mental constitution, once for all aroused from what a great philosopher called the "dogmatic slumber," and sent out upon a new search. The questions you then propose to yourself can thus be stated: What kind of truth may I hope to discover? In what spirit ought I to search for truth? Am I to hope for much success? Am I to bear myself as one to whom truth will certainly be revealed if he but work for it? Or shall I, in a humbler spirit, say that I am probably to remain in doubt so long as I live? Or, finally, shall I, neither confident of success nor resigned to defeat, rise with all my strength and declare that, whether finding or baffled, whether a wanderer forever, or one who at last is to reach a secure harbor of faith, I will, through confidence and through doubt, through good and through evil report, search earnestly for truth, though I never find anything that it is worth my while to call abiding? Some suggestions about the answer to this whole series of questions form my subject in the rest of this paper. And, first, what is the spirit in which we should search for the truth that now, from this skeptical point of view, seems so far away from us?

The first answer to this question seems an obvious one. We must begin our undertaking in a spirit of self-distrust. For our former confidence in our chance opinions we must substitute complete skepticism. We must doubt every belief that we possess until we have proved it. This answer, I say, seems the obvious one after the foregoing discussion. Is it a good one?

Note just here, if you please, that the precept, begin to look for truth by doubting all you formerly believed, does not imply irreverence or mere rashness. On the contrary, this doubt means simply modesty, self-distrust, and is founded not on a whim, but on a persuasion that all one's former beliefs have been largely the result of accident. The precept says such and such a belief that you have may indeed be very dear and sacred, and may have to do with very high and holy things. But consider—it is your opinion, is it not? Yes. The question is not the loftiness, or the sacredness, or the dearness of the objects about which your faith concerned itself, but the worth of that particular belief you have about these objects. When we say question your belief, we do not mean that this or that subject that seemed to you holy ground before shall not seem holy ground now. Not in the least is it desired to affect your emotions as emotions. We are talking of your individual opinions. If this ground is holy, so much the better reason that you should not profane it with your narrow-mindedness and mis-

takes. Better that you should say, "Here is a subject of awful and sacred import, but I know very little about it," than that you should proudly affirm, "Of this sacred theme my mind is so full that I know whole volumes of truth about it"—should affirm this and yet should really be in gross error about the theme. The loftier, the more worthy of reverence the subject of your belief, the more necessary it is that you examine skeptically the faith in which you by accident have grown up, lest where the highest interests are concerned your mind should be farthest away from harmony with reality. If you understand the precept in this way, as a precept to doubt yourself and all beliefs that have grown up in you uncriticised, then I am sure that you will not find the precept in its nature irreverent or over-hasty.

Yet this precept itself has often been called in doubt. In answer to the arguments just urged, it has been set forth that truth-seeking never ought to begin with a doubt universal—that doubting is dangerous when it touches upon certain sacred matters, and that such truth-seeking as I have described is only fit for those who, like Nihilists, undertake to upset the whole existing order of things, in law, in morality, and in religious belief. This counter-argument, to the effect that unlimited doubting is idle and often wicked, I ought to mention and to consider. Let us be careful, when we speak of truth-seeking itself, against taking too much of any kind of assertions for granted. I examine then forthwith the precept given above.

The object of your universal doubt, says one, is, as you declare, to lead you to a knowledge of the truth. You doubt because you desire to learn. Your doubting is to be a transition stage. You must assert then that truth is an end sufficiently valuable to be worth attaining through all the pain and toil of your search. The truth then would be something very well worth knowing. Is it not so? To complete your own individual narrow world-picture, and so to get the only proper world-picture, this you hold would be a great end gained. All this seems certain enough.

Now, continues the objector, how can you know that it would be a good thing to be possessed of the truth, in case you do not know whether the world you live in is a good world, and whether the life you live in it is one that is worth living? In other words, earnest truth-seeking implies a persuasion that the truth, if known, would be not disheartening, dreadful, inhuman, but inspiring, lovely—of a nature to satisfy the best cravings of the human heart. If this is so, the objector goes on—if, in order to make the search for truth a worthy

quest, we must assume that the world of truth is a world of excellence—where shall we then first of all look for an ideal picture of this world, such that, by contemplating the ideal picture of what truth must be, we shall be inspired to search for what truth is? The answer is, we must search in that system of belief which expresses in the clearest form to our minds the highest cravings of our hearts. If that system of belief is substantially true, then the search for more truth is well founded. If we must, however, begin by doubting the truth of this system along with all our other beliefs, then we must begin to search for truth by doubting that it is worth while to search for truth at all. What will become of our earnestness? In short, says the objector, either the foundations of my religious belief are sure beyond a doubt, or else it is not worth while to make any extended search for truth beyond the bounds of this faith. For either my faith agrees with reality—and then why doubt it?—or this faith, wherein are embodied the highest longings and ideals of my nature, is at variance with the reality. Then the world is a hopeless maze to me. Nothing is worth the trouble of living at all. Still less is it worth my while to enter upon any ardent quest, to search for a far off and difficult truth, that will be, when found, simply intolerable. I decline to seek truth, and prefer to remain where I am.

Such is, in brief, the case of those who hold that seeking for truth must be begun in a spirit of faith, and not in a spirit of doubt; that we must first hold fast that which is plainly good, and then prove all else. Yet I cannot feel satisfied that I have stated this case strongly enough. Because I am myself inclined to the opinion that the truth-seeker must begin by doubting all his old beliefs, and must then follow his thought wherever research leads him, I may have failed in justice in the statement of a view which has the sanction of many of the world's ablest minds. Let me translate, therefore, the words of a noted German thinker of our day, Hermann Lotze, a philosopher who among his great qualities has certainly no omitted the virtue of ceaseless self-criticism, but who yet holds fast by the faith that we study the world because we believe it to be a good world. Lotze says in the preface to his book, called the *Mikrokosmos* (I translate with some omissions and condensations):

"The growing self-consciousness of science, which, after centuries of wavering, sees in dubitable laws reigning in some at least of the classes of phenomena, threatens to distort the true relation between the heart and the intellect. We are no longer content to postpone the questions with which our dreams and hopes disturb us

when we set about our investigations. We deny our duty to pay any attention to these questions at all. We say that science is a pure service of truth for the sake of truth, and need not care whether the truth satisfies or wounds the selfish wishes of the heart. And so here, as elsewhere, the human spirit changes its tone from hesitation to defiance, and after it has once felt the pride of independent investigation, throws itself into the arms of that false heroism which takes credit for having renounced what never ought to be renounced; and thus the mind estimates the amount of truth in its new belief according to the degree of hostility with which this belief offends everything that appears to the living emotional nature of man outside of science, too sacred to be touched. This worship of truth seems to me unjust. Could it be the only concern of human research to picture in the mind the precise state of things in the outer world, what would then be the worth of this whole trouble, which would end only in an empty repetition, so that what was before outside the soul now would be found again imaged in the soul? What significance would there be in the empty play of this duplication, what necessity that the thinking mind should be a mirror for whatever is unthinking, in case the discovery of truth were not always at the same time the creation of some good thing, that would justify the trouble of winning it? Individual seekers may, absorbed in their toil, forget the great fact that all their efforts have in the end only this significance, that, in company with the efforts of numberless others, they may draw such a picture of the world as shall tell us what we have to reverence as the true end of existence, what we have to do, and what we have to hope. As often as a revolution in science drives out old fashions of opinion, the new organization of belief will have to justify itself by the enduring or growing satisfaction that it offers to the invincible demands of our emotional nature."

So far, then, for the opinion of those who hold that truth is sought not for its own sake, but for the sake of the good it carries to mankind—and carries not merely because it is truth, but because the world of which it is the truth is a good world. Such persons must conclude that all earnest and considerate search for truth is based on the postulate that our world is a good world. If we shall accept this view, we will always carry with us our religious faith whenever we set about an investigation of nature's mysteries. But is this view, with its objections to the precept wherewith we set out, a true view? For my part, I am inclined to hold fast by my former precept. I admit that looking for truth implies a postulate that truth is worth the looking for, and a postulate that the world is such that it would be a good thing to know the nature of the world. Yet I still cling to my rule, and say, begin to search for truth by doubting all that you have without criticism come to hold as true. If you fail to doubt everything, doubt all you can. Doubt not because doubting is a good end, but because it is a good beginning. Doubt not for amusement,

but as a matter of duty. Doubt not superficially, but with thoroughness. Doubt not flip-pantly, but with the deepest—it may be with the saddest—earnestness. Doubt as you would undergo a surgical operation, because it is necessary to thought-health. So only can you hope to attain convictions that are worth having. If you do not wish to think, then I have nothing to say. Then indeed you need not doubt at all, but take all you please for granted. But who then cares at all what you happen to fancy about the world?

Why do I persist in this terrible precept, with all the objections before me? Why, if doubting is dangerous and almost certainly transient, and very probably agonizing, should I still be determined to doubt and to counsel doubting of every uncriticised and unproved opinion? Let me tell you.

If one says I must begin my thought by clinging fast to my faith, because only that gives me assurance that there is anything in the world worth seeking, then we reply: to what faith? What is the one persuasion that gives to human life a worthy aim? Is it the faith of Confucius, or of Buddha, or of Plato, or of St. Paul, or of Savonarola, or of Loyola, or of Luther, or of Calvin, or of Wesley, or of Lessing, or of Kant, or of Fichte, or of Emerson, or of Schopenhauer, or of Spencer, or of Cardinal Newman, or of Auguste Comte? These names stand, some indeed near together, but others not for small differences of opinion, but for widely distinct mountain peaks of human faith, separated sometimes by dreadful abysses of doubt. Which shall you ascend? Merely the one at whose base you happen to have been born? Where shall you find an abiding place? If you say, but some of these leaders are in close agreement, some are disciples of others, I reply well and good, but some are so far from the others that there is no understanding, almost no tolerance possible. Surely, there are some great highest beliefs that are worthy of intelligent following on the part of all men. But what are those beliefs? How do you know what they are till you examine, and examine not with a foregone conclusion awaiting you smilingly at the other end of a course of reasoning upon which you start already convinced, but with genuine skepticism that refuses to be satisfied with anything short of reasoned conviction.

I have touched upon something that really involves the whole nature of this work of truth-seeking. I have said that there is incongruity in accepting a faith as true simply because you happen to feel it agreeable or satisfying to even your highest interests, for other men have felt

other opposing faiths equally satisfying. What faith is there that is not regarded as cold and dreary, as opposed to the highest nature of man, by one who fails to sympathize with it? What earnest and conscientious faith is there that may not seem inspiring to the one who has formed or accepted it? There are limits no doubt. There are earnest faiths that are unable to give comfort to the possessors. But that fact of itself is no test of truth. For what was our object in setting out to search for truth at all? Our starting-point, you remember, was the fact of the narrowness of all men, of their powerlessness to see beyond a very limited range. This narrowness resulted in strife. This strife of opinion meant discontent. Now, what would be the abiding and satisfactory truth if we found it? Evidently, this truth would have one great characteristic. It would be of a nature to demand acceptance from all men. It would be the one faith opposed to the many opinions, and certain to conquer them. It would be the one reality that could wait for ages for a discoverer. So, at least, we suppose. That is our ideal of truth. What, then, is the practical aim in seeking for truth? Evidently, the practical aim is to harmonize the conflicting opinions of men, to substitute for the narrowness and instability of personal views the broadness of view that should characterize the free man. And so we come to the real core of the matter. You may not, you dare not, if it is your vocation to think at all—you dare not accept a faith simply for the satisfaction it gives you. You dare not, I say, because as a thinker your true aim is not to please yourself, but to work for the harmonizing of the views of mankind, to do your part in a perfectly unselfish task. This is the one great argument against all uncritical faith. If you accept an opinion because it seems pleasing to you before criticism, then you choose rather your selfish satisfaction than the good of mankind. You ought to work not to increase the variety of human opinions, to render closer the limits of personal experience, but to extend the field of harmony and to unite men, so that they may cease their endless warfare and have a common experience. The sight, I say, of the mass of conflicting opinions of men in the world ought to nerve one to do his best in a task that interests all men, that needs the combined efforts of millions, and that needs above all the sacrifice of personal comfort. Your faith seems agreeable to you—well and good. Other men's faith seems agreeable to them. Is this lack of sympathy, this strife of opinions, with all the intolerance that springs from it, a good thing? No, indeed! Then, ought you to increase it by simply staying blindly shut up in

your own narrow faith? No, this is selfish. For your own comfort you will then sacrifice the good you might do to the world by joining the great company of the honest doubters, whose end is to reach a universal and abiding human creed.

But, you say, is it not true that all opinions are finally accepted because they are satisfying to some mental want? Yes, and this is the real meaning of the doctrine that we seek for truth, because we believe truth to be good. Our highest object of search is no doubt some state of consciousness. Our universal creed, if ever reached, will be universally acceptable to the real intellectual needs of all men educated up to its level. But this does not mean that what is acceptable to my intellectual needs must be the truth. My needs are narrow and changing. It is humanity in its highest development to which the truth will be acceptable. I must give up my desires that the unity of all human spirits may be sooner attained. For the sake of perfect tolerance, I must be perfectly critical of myself. I must doubt, in order that by doubting and working I may bring, perhaps, not myself to certainty, but mankind a little nearer to the truth.

But this assumption we still are making that truth is a good thing, what is the sense of that? Must we not assume at the outset something as already certain about the world we live in? Must we not assume that the world is a good world, and the truth by nature so satisfying that it is worth while for each and all to make great sacrifice therefor? And is this not a creed, a faith somewhat vague, but very intense? How can we say that we are to begin by doubting everything when we do not doubt that it is worth while to search for truth? I reply, at the outset we are not certain that it will turn out worth while to search for truth. We doubt that as well as everything else. But consider: Our condition is not this, that being possessed of a good in itself satisfactory, we leave this good without knowing whether we are to reach anything better. If that were what we did, we might be wrong. On the contrary, what we do is to flee from an evil condition in which we are. We know that difference of opinion, and narrowness of view, and intolerance are bad. We know that even if we individually are content with our creed, the mass of mankind, being of different creed, is in a pitiable condition of error or doubt. In the service of humanity, then, we must seek to get rid of this evil, and our only way of being certain that we are doing the best work of which we are capable is to begin with universal and genuine doubt. Now, indeed, we cannot be sure

that by taking this, the only right course, we shall be successful. The search for truth, though prosecuted earnestly and in the best spirit known to us, may be a fruitless search. But our object is good. We do not seek that profitless duplication of the world by a copy in our own souls of which Lotze spoke. Against that kind of truth-seeking his argument is conclusive. No; in seeking truth we want to make human life better, because we see that men want large-mindedness and peace, while error means narrow-mindedness and war. Since our object is good, we have not first to ask whether we are certain of getting it. Our business is to do what we can, and fail if we must. Truth-seeking is merely like the rest of life—a search after ideal goods that are perhaps unattainable, a conflict in which victory is never secure so long as life itself lasts. Therefore, without contradiction we can say that we set out on the search for truth, doubting even whether our search will turn out profitable, but feeling sure that it is morally required. We determine that there shall be significant truth. We are not sure *a priori* that there is any attainable.

But, you say, then at the outset we at least know that we ought to do what is right—that we ought, for example, to serve mankind as best we can by our thoughts as by our actions. I reply, you cannot be said to know at the outset that it is well to do right and to serve mankind. I suppose only that you feel that it is excellent or desirable to do right and to serve mankind. If you choose to be selfish, and to do your thinking solely for your own amusement, I cannot prove to you, at least at the beginning, that you ought not to be selfish. It is your choice; you are judges. If you want to do good by your opinions, then the best way to do good is to question and criticise these opinions unsparingly, to hold none of them as opinions sacred. That you should think it a desirable thing to do good to mankind, how am I, how is any one else, to bring you to this point by argument? Your moral judgments belong to you in particular, and are not convictions about the world, but expressions of your own character.

In what spirit we should search for truth has been at some length discussed. It remains for us to consider very briefly the immediate consequences of truth-seeking. They have been indicated in what has been already said. First, we have seen that the purpose of truth-seeking is the aiding in the great process of emancipating men's minds from those states of narrowness, intolerance, and instability which are so painful to all concerned. I think it wrong to say that in seeking for truth we desire, first of

all, to duplicate in our own minds the things and relations that are outside us. Lotze's argument is here sufficient. The thinking mind ought not to have as its sole object conformity to things that do not think. That is not our highest aim. Mistake and disagreement and cruel intolerance and superstition are evil states of mind. They may content or please this or that man for a while. They mean injury and anguish to the mass of mankind. Therefore the desire for ideal harmony of belief. Therefore the unselfish eagerness to be at one with all men by making all men at one with what we hold to be true. If this is the purpose of our truth-seeking, an evident consequence is that we ought in fact to reverence the business of truth-seeking as we reverence all toil for the good of mankind. We ought to regard truth-seeking as a sacred task. Perhaps it is our calling to do good in other ways than by truth-seeking. Let us, however, in that case see in the truth-seeker a fellow-worker, and honor an earnest and thorough-going doubter as we honor any one who undertakes a painful task for the good of his fellows. For honest and thorough-going doubters are much rarer than you might suppose.

Another consequence is this, that we must be content to take a very subordinate place in the great work of human thought, and to concentrate our attention on a small part only of the field of truth. As millions of brains must toil doubtless for centuries before any amount of ideal agreement among men is attained or even approximated, we must be content if we do very little and work very hard. We can be tolerably certain that in a world where so much is dark nearly the whole of our labor will be wasted. But this is natural. There is the delight of activity in truth-seeking; but when you compare your hopes and claims with the shadowy and doubtful results that you will probably reach, or with the exact but very modest conclusions to which, if you are a successful scientific investigator, you may in time be led, the comparison cannot seem otherwise than melancholy. Through the failures of millions of devoted servants, the humanity of the future may possibly (we cannot know that it will certainly) be led to a grand success. This far-off divine event to which, for all we know, the whole creation may be moving, but which at any rate we regard with longing and delight, constitutes the whole end and aim of our action. It is good to strive.

But I must conclude this imperfect study of a great subject. We began with the fact that every individual is a creature of peculiar constitution, with possibly indefinitely great idio-

syncretisms of senses and feeling. We have been led from this on to think of ideal truth as it would appear in the mind of one who was not bound by accidents of sense and emotion to a narrow range of conflicting opinions. To approach this perfect individual, I have said that we must begin our efforts with conscientious and thorough-going doubt of all that we find uncriticised and yet claiming authority in our minds. I have tried to justify this doubting by showing that it is not merely a privilege, but a duty, of any one who proposes to do the least bit of genuine thinking for the good of his fellow-creatures.

I have stated at length the argument according to which at least our religious persuasions, as the expressions of the highest needs of our minds, must be exempted from even provisional doubts. In answer to this argument, I have tried to show that in so far as one's own comfort is concerned, truth-seeking ought not to regard personal comfort at all, and that in so far as humanity is concerned, religious beliefs can be made in the highest sense useful only when they have stood the test of doubt and study. As my discussion is purely general, I would not be understood as bringing the least material argument to bear against the particular convictions of anybody. If you have reasoned fairly and earnestly, have criticised conscientiously, and still retain your religious belief, you have no doubt a glorious possession, worth far more than it ever could have been worth to you if you had not reasoned about it. Perhaps you are still in error. Perhaps the highest truth is already within your grasp, and

you have solved in your own person the puzzles of ages. If so, you are to be congratulated. Your treasure is worth more to you than all the wealth in the world would be. But remember, no man liveth to himself. Remember your duty to mankind. Remember that your personal satisfaction with your creed is nothing, your desire to bring all mankind to the truth everything. Never rest quiet with your belief, therefore, until every means has been taken by you to purify it from all taint of your own narrow-mindedness. If any one of us has so purified his belief, he is, I am persuaded, the greatest genius that the world ever saw. If he has not, it is his duty in the service of humanity to be in so far skeptical. If he has attained the perfect belief, then he must never rest in his efforts to teach it to others. I should fear as a general thing to have power given me to ordain for other human beings what their lives should be. But I wish that just for this moment it were given me to summon every man to a calling that should remain his calling for life, and to which he should willingly devote himself. I should summon every one to a life of unswerving devotion to this one end—the making of human life broader, fuller, more harmonious, better possessed of abiding belief. As it is, I can only recommend that you be ceaselessly active for this great end. And as for the end itself, I know not if it will ever be attained in any great measure, but I know that if it ever is attained it will be by the self-sacrifice of countless millions, who, through their own failures, shall secure the success of those that come after them.

J. ROYCE.

ONE STORMY NIGHT.

A stormy night, indeed,

“High up on the lonely mountains ;”

the rain came down in streams, as if the sky were a great sieve, and not a ray of light found its way through the black clouds. The giant fir trees bent and swayed in the fierce wind, and sent their wild, wailing voices down through gulch and cañon to mingle with the roar of creek and cataract, or fell before the rocks that crashed down the mountains sides. The terrified cattle lowed and cried in their corrals, huddling together for warmth and sympathy. Indoors people drew near together, crowding around the hearth-fires that blazed in a fitful, almost uncanny way.

In a wayside inn, on the mountain road, a little company sat thus gathered about an immense fire-place that glowed and flamed like a bonfire, and, not content with cheering the great room, sent its beacon light out at the windows to defy the night and the storm.

There was Mike Malone, the landlord, and Kitty, his fat, funny wife; little Maria, the Spanish girl whom Mike and Kitty had “rared;” Jake, the stable man, and last, because most important, “Bat,” the French Canadian wood-cutter. There was nothing in the young fellow's appearance to suggest the winged horror whose name he bore. It was merely a *sobriquet* for Baptiste. Jake seldom availed himself of the abbreviation, but, slowly and emphatically,